THE PACIFIC

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THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

No victory comes of all our strife,—
From all we grasp the meaning slips;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

O, why and whither?—God knows all;
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

For he is merciful as just;
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before his will, and trust
Howe'er they seem he doeth all things right.

Ah, me! we doubt the shining skies,
Seen through our shadows of offense
And drown with our poor childish cries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

O Love Divine!—Whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

Shine, Light of God!—make broad thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heaven's compassion make our longings poor.

—John G. Whittier.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

WILL BECOME A WORLD QUESTION.

Professor Edward A. Ross of the department of sociology of the University of Wisconsin, predicts that by the middle of the present century the question "What shall we do with the Chinese?" will have passed from a California, an Australian, a Canadian and a South African question, to a world question. Studying conditions and population in China now and calculating what these will be a few decades hence he declares that even with the aid of scientific agriculture it will be impossible to make the crops of China feed the people. The conclusion is that they must emigrate or starve.

"It is the outward thrust of surplus Japanese that is today producing dramatic political results in Korea and Manchuria. In forty or fifty years there will come a powerful outward thrust of surplus Chinese on ten times this scale. With a third of the adults able to read, with daily newspapers thrilling the remotest village with tidings of the great world, eighteen provinces will be pouring forth emigrants instead of two. To Mexico, Central and South America, South-eastern Asia, Asia-Minor, Africa, and even Europe, the black-haired bread-seekers will stream."

Dr. Ross has in the July number of the Century Magazine an article on "The Struggle for Existence in China," in which he sets forth in a graphic manner what that struggle now is and what with good reason it may be presumed to be in a few decades.

For the grinding mass poverty in China which cannot be matched anywhere in the Occident he finds but one general cause—"the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence." Why this race should so recklessly multiply as to condemn itself to a sordid struggle for a bare existence, he says can be understood only when one understands the constitution of the Chinese family. Briefly, It may be stated that this leads to procreative recklessness. The question is, Will this change? It would seem that it will in time, as ideas and principles from other people permeate the Chinese race; but no change will come perhaps until the pressure concerning which Professor Ross writes has thrust the Chinese out into all quarters of the earth.

Napoleon said long ago, "When China begins to move, she will change the face of the globe."

In these opening years of the twentieth century it is plainly manifest that in the Chinese the other peoples of the world have a race that must henceforth be reckoned with. What of China in the future? It is no longer merely a Chinese question; no longer only an Oriental question; but a world question. If in the future this great yellow race is not to elbow our race out of existence, we must see to it that the leavening principles which make for endurance are made to permeate thoroughly both our own and their civilization. Life must be lived with the eternities at the forefront.

"RELIGION IN HAWAII."

E. S. Goodhue, M.D., of Holualoa, Hawaii, writes in The Christian Register of Boston, a Unitarian paper, on the foregoing topic. He says in part:

"By name there are few Unitarians in Hawaii, not another that I know of on this great island; but our principles are spreading not only among laymen and the unchurched, but in the churches themselves.

"In Hilo, the second city of the archipelago, where our Mr. Cruzan used to be pastor of the Congregational church. I found last year a large number of the best citizens there who are in entire accord with us. Some of these are non-church members, some are in the Episcopal church, and more in the Congregational. The pastor of the latter is an old-fashioned orthodox preacher, and several of his Scotch members are of the same persuasion, believers in 'everlasting punishment' and an infallible Bible. But the younger men among the Scotch are dissatisfied with the creed to which they subscribe, and are looking towards a more reasonable faith.

"On Kauai there are a large number of unlabelled Unitarians, those who have rejected the creeds, but who still retain the oll name. One of these is the pastor of an orthodox church who desired me to become a member of his congregation, and made me a church trustee, assuring me that my disbelief in the Deity of Christ was no bar to usefulness in his church.

"I have a letter before me from a prominent man of another island to the north, whose questions for the sake of others interested. I have answered in an open letter to appear later in one of our publications.

"In Honolulu there are, of course, several Unitarians, most of them very able, very good, very useful in secular pursuits, men of unimpeachable character and standing, but nearly all of them of the latent variety.

"By this I mean that they enjoy the sweets of their precious faith to the full: they hold the cheering consciousness of being right in religious matters. If they were to visit Massachusetts, they would find their way to a Unitarian church at the first opportunity, but here they do not believe in 'counting noses.' They are afraid of being propagandists. It is not dignified to disturb another's faith by even the most delicate diffusion of our own, they say.

These persons are among the ablest, best-known, and distinguished men in Hawaii, all holding responsible official positions. In the large and wealthy congregation of the Central Union Church, (Trinitarian Congregational) are a great many members who are practically Unitarians, perhaps one-third. They feel at home there because the min-

ister is liberal and preaches the 'leadership of Jesus' and 'salvation by character.' A young man, who did not accept the 'deity of Christ,' or in fact any of the tenets of the orthodox faith, was lately given the 'right hand of fellowship' in this church."

We give the foregoing as a matter of news, conscious that not all "news" is fact, and with the thought that we may, when these things come to the notice of our readers in the territory of Hawaii, have sent to us some comment thereon.

As to the deity of Christ it may be remarked that there have been in the past not a few people who thought they were not "orthodox" simply because they failed to find in Jesus a manifestation of all the attributes of God. For example, they saw that he was not omnipresent—that he was never in more than one place at one time; and that even he himself said that there were some things that were not given to the son to know—thus declaring that he was not omniscient, that all knowledge was not his; but that the Father was not thus limited. This limitation of Jesus has been explained latterly by what is known as the kenosis theory—the emptying of himself, the laying aside of the use here on earth of the attributes of omniscience. omnipresence and omnipotence which he had from the beginning with God the Father—this being based on words in the second chapter of Philippians: "He emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of man." But explanations, out of the human mind, can never perhaps be wholly satisfactory; and more and more the Christian world is coming to think of Jesus as "God manifest in the flesh," the express image of the invisible God," taking these Scripture statements to express their belief, and refraining from other statements as to what Jesus was in relation to the Father.

We wonder whether there are not a large number of persons holding membership in the straight and strictest of the "orthodox" churches who a few years ago would have been called Unitarians and excluded, wherever credal tests were applied, simply because they were unable or unwilling to put in other than these Scripture words their thought of Jesus in relation to God the Father. We know Presbyterian and Methodist churches that have such members, as well as persons believing in the final salvation of all.

The Presbyterian Church requires subscription to a very simple creed for membership—the Westminster Confession being only for ministers and elders.

Long time did Congregationalists make entrance into church membership, through iron-clad creeds, much more difficult than most of the other denominations.

The Church of the Disciples, known also as "Christian," and in early years as "The Campbellite," has never asked more than repentance toward God and faith in Christ—a plain Bible statement and standard, without explanation by the candidate.

Congregationalists have learned wisdom in recent years, and the forms for admission to church membership have been greatly modified.

The Century Magazine for August contains an interesting article entitled "Recollections of Millet." The ninth article on Martin Luther and His Work, by Professor McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary is "His Conflict With Radicalism." The fourth paper in that admirable series, "The woman of the Caesars," is on "Tiberius and Agrippa."

A BOOK BY A CALIFORNIA PASTOR.

"Grow Old Along With Me."

The Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell pastor of the Congregational Church at Sierra Madre, California, has given to the reading public several valuable books. Before coming to California he had written and published, "Unto the Uttermost," "The Indwelling Christ," "After Pentecost, What?" Since coming to California he has sent forth "The Heart of the Gospel" and "Paul, the Mystic,"—and just recently this new book entitled, "Grow Old Along with Me."

The art of growing old gracefully is an art to be desired, and Dr. Campbell's sympathetic book doubtless will help many people along the way. The aim is to show people how to grow young while growing old, and emphasis is laid on the fact that the power that recreates is within.

John Wesley is cited as an illustration of a graceful old age, who is said to have manifested the exuberance of youth down to the close of his long life. With reference to his simple trust Wesley is quoted as having said once: "I feel and grieve, but by the grace of God I fret at nothing." Wesley's living interest in the present is mentioned as one of the potent factors in his triumph over physical infirmity.

Writing on "Furling the Sails." Dr. Campbell says: "Retirement like everything else has to be prepared for. Besides winning the right to it by the sweat of honest toil—whether it be the sweat of the brain or the brow—a man has to make his life lead up to it by easy stages. He can not save up his pleasures and take them in a lump at the close of life, but must learn to take them in detail through the passing years. Nor can he break his life in two and separate one part from the other. In whatsoever state he is, he has still his own life to live. From himself he cannot get away. Certain things he may let go, must let go; but the things which form integral parts of the scheme of life hold him, and should be held by him. And when his ebbing powers demand a rearrangement of the plan of his life, he should see in that an opportunity of attending to some neglected things, and of putting in the forefront the supreme things of life, to which a secondary place may have been given."

Mention is made of an active business man about to slip his head from under the yoke and to retire to a country home, to whom a friend remarked, "You have plenty to retire on, but what have you to retire to?" Pausing for a moment the man replied, "I had not thought of that. I have not cultivated a love for nature or for books and am without resources for a life of leisure."

Among the chapters in this book in which we have had special interest is the one on "Making New Adjustments." The thoughts therein are timely and we quote:

"An aging person has also to make new adjustments to the world of thought. In this realm nothing is stationary. Political, scientific and religious thought is constantly changing. Truths which were supposed to have crystallized into final form have a way of becoming fluid, and of taking on new shapes. Goals become landmarks; and unless a man keeps himself adjusted to the new, he will find himself living in a world remote from the present. It is a mark of a growing mind to be able to see God in the new, to identify it with the divine order, and to make the same wise adjustment to it that was made to the old. To keep in step with the march of human thought is to keep in step with the Infinite.

"Adjustments have likewise to be made to a new society.

Social changes are continually going on. This is not the society which any one knew years ago. Old comrades in arms have dropped out; new actors have come upon the stage; old combinations have been broken, and new ones have been formed. To put ourselves into right relation to the new order, and identify ourselves with the new causes which have come to the front, is not easy; but woe unto us if it is not done; for then we shall be left high and dry like the limpet which the receding tide has left sticking to the rock. The manufacturer or merchant who holds on to the old way of doing things will be left behind in the race. A philosophic tailor once said, "I make clothes as good as ever; but it is the new cut that takes my customers to my younger rival." It is the new cut that tells in everything.

"As life goes on 'still ending and beginning still,' it is folly to fret at the changes which must inevitably come. They are to be joyfully accepted as belonging to the primal scheme of things. By them this old world is being continually renewed. To adjust ourselves to them is to make our little fragmentary life part of the divine unity; it is to turn the little rill out of earthly activities into the mighty stream of the divine purpose that sweeps on through the ages."

In chapter after chapter of Dr. Campbell's book we find touching, tender comforting passages, which cause us to say to the readers of The Pacific, Buy his book and grow old along with him.

On "The Dread of Growing Old," he says: "There is no reason why age, as part of the common boon of life, should be less desirable than youth. What though its joys are soberer, and its pleasures simpler, it has a satisfaction all its own. Everything is beautiful in its time. The glories of sunset are just as bright as the glories of sunrise. Autumn has a charm that equals that of spring. Nature then puts on her most gorgeous dress; the woods are ablaze with color; the flowers have become fruits; and in the mellowness and maturity of earth's golden stores the promise of spring has found fulfillment. When we mournfully exclaim, 'We all do fade as a leaf,' we may be the victims of an imperfectly interpreted metaphor; for while a leaf may fade in dull decay, it may fade in all the glory of rich autumnal colorings. The fading leaf should speak not of failure, but of success, not of blighted hopes, but of life come to its fruitage."

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.
—Longfellow.

"Grow Old Along With Me" is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York; $1.25 net.

JONAH AND THE WHALE ONCE MORE.

Several weeks ago The Pacific had a contributed article on the Book of Jonah in which was set forth the modern idea of the book and the one which we presume is usually accepted. Some of our friends thought the article superfluous, regarding the time as past for any discussion as to whether the book is allegorical. Nevertheless the matter was discussed pro and con in the Bible class in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, one member declaring that Professor Foster in taking the position that the narrative was not one of actual fact was undermining the Scriptures. And doubtless there are not a few people who hold to the story as true historically, though not being so extreme as to assert that it is not possible for a Christian to take the allegorical view. It will be remembered by our readers that we gave at the time we published Professor Foster's article three views which might be taken of the book without putting those holding any one of them out of the Christian category. One of these was the allegorical of course.

A few days ago we came across an interesting article on the Whale and Jonah by the Rev. George Macloskie, Sc.D., LL.D., of Princeton University. Dr. Macloskie was formerly the head of the department of biology in the University and is still doing up-to-date scientific work. He says: "People's minds have been biased by a false view of Jonah's adventure with a whale, which might be repeated tomorrow without even a miracle. Roy Matthew's account of the Japanese whale-fishery furnishes hints that may clear the mystery, by showing that the air chamber of a whale is large enough and convenient enough to serve as a harbor of refuge for anybody that might come in its way. A large whale may weigh as much as 800 men; and it requires as much fresh air as 800 men respire, and the equivalent of the respirations of 800 men for twenty minutes, that is, for 400 respirations of the men, are drawn in at one breath, through the whale's capacious mouth into its large air chamber. Its mouth can give place for ten men standing upright; and as it skims along the sea, it scoops in its food of jelly fishes and small crustaceans and other surface animalcules, which quickly enter its stomach; but a larger object, Jonah's body, for example, must go the wrong road (that is, for the whale, but the right road for Jonah) into the air chamber. Here, Jonah might be wide awake, able to meditate on the situation, and to pray to God, and to sleep over night. But though not very inconvenient for him, the whale itself might feel discomfort, and might seek relief by hurrying to shallows and sandy beaches, where it coughed up the prophet on dry land."

While we prefer the allegorical view as to the Book of Jonah, we are not averse to furnishing this ammunition for those who are on the other side. Anyone is welcome to the free use of it provided he will avoid the absurd position that the narrative must be one of actual fact because Christ made use of the story, which manifestly could be used in a manner similar to that in which he used the material of his parables, availing himself of a current story in way of illustration without thought as to the historicity of it.

This is what we find "The Presbyterian," a paper published in Philadelphia, doing in the month of July in this year 1911, saying: "We accept the whole matter, because of Christ's endorsement of its truthfulness, and we surmount all difficulties because the whole plan and execution, even the preparation of the 'Great Fish,' are ascribed to God, who can do all things."

And with reference to Professor Macloskie's article and the ridicule that is sometimes unwisely made of the literal interpretation of the story, "The Presbyterian" says: "Here is an article by a well-known scientist who makes chop-meat of the ridicule."

But our cotemporary seems to have lost sight of the fact that Professor Macloskie says that he does not look on the occurrence, as related in the Book of Jonah, as at all miraculous.

If there are any readers of The Pacific who are inclined to discuss the "Jonah and Whale" question, and to place outside of the Christian fold or hold as destroyers of the

faith the people who take it to be allegorical, our advice is, "Don't.",

The statement in the foregoing that we are not averse to furnishing ammunition for the opponents of the allegorical theory must not be taken as an encouragement to this fruitless discussion. The desire and aim were merely to show that eminent authorities claim that the incident could have occurred without being miraculous.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Speaking recently of Seattle, President Taft said: "It is a great city, situated in a marvelous country, whose growth has only begun.'

In The Pacific for July the 12th we quoted from and commented on an article by the Rev. Charles R. Brown in the American Missionary Magazine, entitled "The Appeal of the Ministry." The article came to the notice of the editor of The Lutheran Observer with whom we exchange, and the words of Mr. Brown were at once quoted in an editorial in that paper of large circulation with the following statement: "It is in the hope that it may fall under the eyes of some of the young men of our Lutheran homes who are debating the question of their life-work, when they have finished their college course, with serious desire to invest their energies where they will count most heavily for righteousness, that we reprint the testimony and conclusions of Mr. Brown in regard to the opportunities that are presented by the ministry. This article was in the nature of a personal testimony, accompanied by such reflections as the author felt justified in making as the result of twenty-two years spent in the active ministry. Such an article has a force that is necessarily lacking in a merely doctrinaire discussion. Back of it lies an experience, and he who draws his materials from that source writes with an authority which the theorist cannot hope to parallel. He bears witness to what he knows and testifies to that which he has seen."

In the "Congregationalist" of recent date, under the caption of "The Editor's Callers," appeared the following. "The brother who drifted in from the Pacific coast had been known by reputation, and favorably known, too; but it was worth while to sit down with one who came from near the city which is considered one of the most Godless on the continent, but who does not quail before the powers of evil. A Californian, born and bred, he cherishes great hopes for the region west of the Rockies. 'What led you into the ministry?' asked the editor. 'My interest in social work, acquired when a student at the State University I soon saw that important as it is to better the outward conditions, deeper cleansing must be wrought. So I decided that I would try to be a prophet rather than essay the role of a social engineer.' This caller brought news of the way in which the men of a Pacific coast church responded to the call for a plant of an institutional character, how they are taking up one by one tasks to which men should give themselves, how the spirit of fraternity is spreading among groups of churches in Pacific coast cities. When he left the editor felt as if he had had a whiff of the refreshing breezes that sweep in at the Golden Gate." Many of the readers of The Pacific will know that reference here is to the Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, who is expected home this week, so as to be in his pulpit next Sunday and take up again the work in which he is leading so devotedly and successfully in that part of the city in which Plymouth Church is situate.

Mr. James A. Moore, the president of the Western Steel Corporation, whose big plant is located on Port Townsend Bay, Washington, has returned from the East with sufficient funds to so extend the capacity of the plant as to bring it up to 600 tons a day. The present capacity is 175 tons. All things indicate that a great manufacturing city is to be built up at Irondale where this steel plant is located. The harbor there is one of the finest in the world. Mr. Moore, who is at the head of this enterprise, and to whom its successful establishment is due in the main, is a member of Plymouth Congregational Church, Seattle, and a generous contributor to all our church work at home and abroad. In his effort to establish on the Pacific Coast a great steel plant he met with obstacles from the intrenched interests of the East far greater than any one could perhaps have anticipated, but he brought indomitable perseverance and great business capacity to bear against them and has financed what bids fair to be in a few years one of the most important manufacturing enterprises in the United States. Mr. Moore has done for the advancement of Seattle more than any other one man, and if all his well-devised plans for the steel works succeed, he is likely to stand first among the men who have promoted the wider interests of the Pacific Coast. San Francisco people may be interested in knowing that one of the men whom Mr. Moore succeeded in interesting in this steel plant project a year or two ago is that sterling Scotch ship owner, Mr. Robert Dollar, in whose vessels some of the ore that is used is brought from China. But much of the material is close at hand. It is an interesting fact, however, that that which comes from China is landed at Irondale at less cost than ore from our Eastern mines is landed at Gary and Pittsburg.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles said: "Many tell us the Church is a spent force and that America is becoming an irreligious nation, money-loving and luxury-mad. This is not true. Taking our own church as an example we find that the Congregational church is growing in efficiency in the city. During the last ten years in 15 large cities which grew 32 per cent in population, Congregational membership grew 29 per cent within 3 per cent of the population which immigration augmented so rapidly. If growth is the measure of the city's challenge then Los Angeles throws down the most ringing challenge in the nation. We have developed more rapidly than any first class city in the country, with 211 per cent in population, 407 per cent in assessed valuation, 562 per cent in bank clearings. What is the response of the church to this summons? Are we adequately meeting our opportunity? The Roman Catholic Church is the only one which has developed in proportion to the population. Combining five of the strongest denominations here, we find these Protestant communions have increased 143 per cent in Sunday-school enrollment. Our own church has grown a little better than the average—149 per cent in membership. The most serious lack in Congregational response to the city's call has been in the matter of religious education. With one exception not one of these churches has done as good work in the Sunday-school as in church-membership. If we had been doing no more than to keep up with the population we should have contributed as our share of the churching of Los Angeles thirty-seven

churches instead of nineteen we now have. This church should have had 2500 members today and an equal number in the Bible School. Cities like Seattle and Minneapolis are doing this and more and we can if we will. We must put ourselves into the service of organized religion. It demands of us a new kind of church loyalty. I do not mean sectarianism. We have had too much of that, the Kingdom of Christ has suffered violence not infrequently from that source. I do not mean a loyalty to our own church that will try to build up by stealing from others; by attempting to hinder its neighbor, caring more for its 'ism' than for Christ and His cause. I do mean a loyalty to our own which will enable us to do our full part. The Church in Los Angeles is a team of individualized denominations. If one lags behind there is a hole in the line and the foe can dash through. If each comes up to its full strength and plays in the spirit of 'team work' for that is the essence of Christianity, each of the others can do its work better."

AN IMPRESSIVE CORNER-STONE LAYING IN SEATTLE.

In 1869 a Congregational church was organized in Seattle to which was given the name "Plymouth"—a name that will have wide use so long as Congregationalism and the memory of the Pilgrims and Puritans shall endure. That Seattle church has grown from a membership of six to more than twelve hundred. In order to get out of the business center for the third time the site which it had occupied for twenty years was sold a few months ago for $300,000 and a new location was purchased three blocks away. In 1891, when the corner-stone of the building which was sold was laid, Seattle had a population about 50,000, and the lot which brought $300,000 was bought for $25,000. Now the city has about 250,000 inhabitants, the last census figures being 237,000. The new location cost $90,000, and an edifice to cost not less than $175,000 is being constructed thereon.

Among the persons who participated in the laying of the corner-stone of the new building was the Rev. Dr. Matthews, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, whose congregation reared a few years ago a modern and costly edifice. Dr. Matthews is reported by a Seattle paper to have expressed the belief that in twenty years' time the Congregational and Presbyterian churches will have effected organic union, saying in that connection, "We are one now in spirit, in work, in aims and in purpose."

Referring to the fect that Seattle is now in the possession of the righeous forces Dr. Matthews remarked that Plymouth Church had had large part in leading the city upwards. Contemplating the future he said: "Seattle will never take a backward step. This corner-stone says it shall not. All the corner-stones of edifices yet to be raised in this city say that it shall not. We are going to stand together.

"The liquor interests of this city are engineering the recall of your mayor, but by the power of Almighty God they shall never rule again. The damnable forces that left that bloody trail shall never live to trample one flower under foot."

The Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith, pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church, spoke of the denominational loyalty, saying: "This is not the corner-stone of Plymouth Church alone; it is the corner-stone of the whole family—the central meeting-place for the denominations."

Plymouth Church stands in relation to Congregationalism in Washington very much as the First Congregational churches of San Francisco and Oakland have long stood to Congregationalism in California. Though not the oldest church in the state it is in a true sense "the mother church"—its helpfulness having long gone out widely not only on Puget Sound but throughout the entire state.

The new edifice in Washington's chief city will be made the denominational center for the state—the plans providing for offices therein for the representative of the different benevolent and missionary societies.

FURTHER COMMENT ON COMMUNICATION BY "INQUIRER."

To the Editor of The Pacific:

The burden on the heart of "Inquirer," voiced in the last issue of The Pacific, is not to be cavalierly or superciliously dismissed. It is certainly to be feared that his experience is not unique, but is being duplicated by no inconsiderable number of vacationists. Certainly the caloric influences of mid-summer tend to relax the evangelistic sinews of many preachers, and drive them out upon tides of pleasant, breezy speculation toward those delectable shores of the lotus eaters of modern self-deluding optimism. Truly it is a season when the supine rather than the strenuous attitude is assumed, and the soporific rather than the stimulating influences prevail.

For all that, carking care will obtrude itself in the middle of a most carefully planned vacation, and the serpent of human misery winks wickedly at many of us from the leaves of the coolest and most refreshing tree in our hardly won mountain and sea-shore Eden. And if it is true that there are many perspiring preachers, who have turned aside from the business of dispensing spiritual meat and drink on hot Sunday mornings, to the less exhausting experiment of tittilating hungry congregations' palates with the feather of lightsome epigram and trifling pleasantries, why the sooner these false purveyors of the King's bounty are properly pilloried, the better.

Yet I suspect that this evil is exaggerated. There may be less of fervid evangelistic appeal in the middle of a piping hot July than in blood-tingling January. It may even be that preachers slide imperceptibly into "easy-going talks on the uses of rest," instead of grandly sounding the notes of Chrisian heroism and spiriual revival. Yet, after all, may there not be a distinctively Christian way of treating such a worn-out theme as Vacation? On one occasion Jesus took his disciples away with him for a brief vacation, and it is not improbable that he imparted to them valuable suggestion as to the gainful way in which to spend their time. There is scarcely anything more patent to an observer, than the need of wholesome teaching along this line. There are myriads of people who work so hard and so foolishly to have a good time during their vacations, that they are all used up at the end. Happy the pastor who can correct such misdirected volcanic energies by a timely sermon on the uses of rest.

I have myself sometimes felt that unless I pointedly and repeatedly brought Christ into my sermon, there were those who characterized it as unchristian twaddle. Whereas, this is not the criticism directed by "Inquirer" against the preachers, still may it not be appropriate to indicate, in a closing remark, that the sun is in evidence though we never look at it, and Christ may be just as truly at the center of a sermon without being mentioned, provided the sunshine of his presence and influence irradiate the whole discourse.

SHELTON BISSELL.

OUR SHADOW SELVES.

Albert W. Palmer.

"They brought the sick into the streets that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow them." Act. 5:15.

How superstitious it was! To think that the mere shadow of a man, even so good a man as Peter, could heal the sick!

But on second thought: No, it was not superstitious. It was only a naive and childlike expression of a great truth. It was a beautiful recognition of the fact that a man is more than his definite purposes, more than the total of his concrete tasks. Beyond these tangible things there flows out from every man that intangible thing called influence.

This intangible influence, this shadow self, may reach out to hearten and to heal where we little dream. Back of Henry M. Stanley, the brave explorer and Christian gentleman, lies the hidden influence of his obscure foster father. How little that humble man knew when he befriended the forlorn little tramp boy who had run away to sea from an English work-house, that his shadow self was falling on one of the most knightly souls of the nineteenth century! He thought his business in life was to be a farmer, to earn money. He died before he learned that the great thing he did was through his influence to send a great ray of pure light into the heart of Darkest Africa.

"This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did play upon the wall:
Our shadow selves, our influence, may fall
Where we can never be."

THE MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT CONFERENCE.

Silver Bay, N. Y., July 22-30.

For Men, for Religion, Forward!

This may serve well enough as an expression of the spirit of the conference. Three hundred delegates are registered, and they are laymen, and such laymen! Men of national standing in big business, officers of the Navy, manufactureres, college presidents—such is the calibre of the company. There are a few ordained men in the conference, including those on the program, board secretaries and others by necessity immediately interested; these ministers number forty. Thirty-five states and provinces are represented, and not less than seventy-nine cities. Congregationalists are there, unfortunately not as many as there should be, but emphatically useful. The roster of the Movement shows Mr. J. G. Cannon as chairman, Mr. Fred B. Smith as the actuating force under the title of campaign leader; Rev. Roy B. Guild, his right hand man; Dr. H. C. Herring, the main-spring of the missionary end of the work. Probably the most potent speech of all the Conference was made by Mr. Raymond Robbins of Chicago. These men all are of our fellowship.

Even to sketch the program would take a page of the Pacific. Probably a full hundred different men were heard from the platform. However, some things were common to all.

First, the profound prayerfulness of the whole thing. In some quarters the movement has been esteemed as big and energetic but not "spiritual." Yet those who came to swell and sweat have remained to pray.

Second, the movement is a **movement**—not an apparatus to be moved. It proposes to enter the churches as a force and not as a machine. It, therefore, seeks the perfection of the organization of the local churches.

Third, the interpretation of the men's work in the church is on the bed-rock of practicability. There are no new theories or so-called discoveries, but there is the purpose to enable every local church to complete itself in its work with and for men and boys, and by ways of long-proven soundness.

Fourth, this movement is not a spasm, but a continuous energy for years to come.

Fifth, the departments upon which this movement infringes are: Boy's work; Evangelism, Bible Study for Men; ommunity Extension; Social Service and Missions.

The addresses upon these subjects were of masterful wisdom, but even more notable were they for their driving force of spiritual power. H. F. S.

New York, August 4th.

A LOOK INTO SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

"Child Nature and Child Nurture." By Edward Porter St. John. The author is a professor in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. The little volume of 106 pages which he sends forth as a text book for mothers' clubs, for training classes, for teachers of young children, for parents' classes and for home study, undoubtedly will prove to be very helpful and influential. He states that the lessons have been inspired by his strong interest in the topics with which they deal and the practical problems of parenthood which they discuss, and by the stimulating questions and wise suggestions that have come to him from many mothers and fathers. Their especial aim is to aid in moral and religious education in the home, for there, he believes the most telling work of character building is to be done. The book is replete with excellent suggestions as to the training of the instincts that are associated with the physical life, how to deal with the child's fears, how to deal with the angry child, the training of the love impulse, the training of the child in unselfishness and kindness, the training to regard property rights. Many books are named for wider reading on all the subjects that are considered. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 75 cents, net, in cloth cover; boards 50 cents net; postage seven cents.)

"The Evolution of the Sunday-school." By Henry Frederick Cope. The author is the general secretary of the Religious Education Association. The aim is to study the development of the Sunday-school with a view to determining whether or not it will be able to meet the serious and steadily increasing demands of the present age. The author says: "Its past development reveals its capacity for progressive adaptation. We look back that we may better go forward. We view the past that we may appreciate the present. We see in the sacrifices our fathers have made for the progress of the school the call to make its continued progress certain." This is one of the volumes in the valuable series of Modern Sunday-school Manuals edited by Prof. Charles Foster Kent. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 75 cents net.)

"Conservation of National Ideals." This is the title of the Home Mission Text Book for 1911-1912. It is published under the direction of the Council of Women for Home Missions. The articles therein have been prepared by experts and they show in brief in a striking manner

the perils which menace the nation. Miss Elizabeth B Vermilye writes concerning the "Non-Christian Faiths in America"; Prof. Edward A. Steiner on "What to Do for the Immigrant"; Ray Stannard Baker on "The Problems of Race"; Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch on "The Church and Social Questions"; the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson on "Christian Conservation," and Mrs. D. B. Wells on "A Conserving Force." (F. H. Revell Company, New York; 50 cents net.)

"Adult Bible Class Study." By Irving F. Wood, Ph.D. This book suggests what can be done in various types of classes with various types of subjects. The hope is that it will aid adult classes to become more useful factors in building up the kingdom of God. There are chapters in the first division of the book on: The Psychology of the Adult Class, The Purpose of Adult Class Study, The Principles of Adult Class Study, The Use of the Bible by the Adult Class, The Adult Class and Extra-Biblical Subjects, The Religious Value of the Study. Part Second considers in seven different chapters "Courses for Adult Class Study." Emphasis is laid on the importance of keeping the Bible central in this study. This will hold the class to the religious point of view. Then with profit it may look at a wide range of subjects of vital significance in modern life. "As a religious agency it must discuss many things besides prayer and faith and the four gospels. Its field is as wide as the life of its members." This volume forms one of the Modern Sunday-school Manuals edited by Professor Charles Foster Kent. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 75 cents net.)

"The Unsearchable Riches." By Rev. Malcolm James McLeod. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, who went recently from Pasadena to a pastorate in New York City, gives in this volume eleven sermons well worth reading. They are on: The Riches of Grace, The Riches of the Messenger, The Riches of the Message, The Riches of Forgiveness, The Riches of Experience, The Riches of Power, The Riches of Trust, The Riches of Encouragemest, The Riches of Refuge, The Riches of Influence, The Riches of Rest. The reading of these sermons will serve to enrich the life in enduring ways. They are replete with nourishment for the intellect and the spirit. In one place Dr. McLeod says: "The member of Christ's church should be not only a decoy, a lure, to woo the outsider into the fold. He should be a rod, a staff, a support, a comfort to those already within. We are to strengthen as well as introduce; we are to establish as well as to inaugurate; we are to train the soldiers as well as enlist them. Like the Alpine climber, we are all beaded together, and the slipping away of one endangers all. George Matheson calls the Church, 'the League of Pity.' How delightful the designation!" (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York; $1.25 net.)

"Growth of the Missionary Concept." By John F. Goucher. A series of lectures at Syracuse University, Chancellor Day says in the preface: "If Dr. Goucher's lectures awaken the deep and appreciative interest in those who are so fortunate as to read them that they did in the minds of those who heard them at the University they will serve their purpose in far-widening circles of influence and become a positive force in the salvation of the Orient." The subjects are: The Impossible, The Improbable, The Imperative, The Indispensable, The Inevitable. (Eaton & Mains, New York; 75 cents net.)

"Congregational Manual." By William E. Barton. This manual by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago was first issued in 1910. The third edition was published in a few months, such was the demand for it. A new and revised edition has been published, and a valuable book has thus been made much more valuable. It is the most up-to-date and comprehensive Congregational manual, and merits hearty commendation. The author says: "The few liturgical forms in the first edition evoked a large number of requests for additional orders of service and for forms for marriages, funerals and other special occasions. In response to those requests an entire new section has been added. The services presented contain some that are time-honored and some that have never before appeared in print. But all have grown out of actual experience and have proved their value." One part of the book is given to the rules of order for deliberative assemblies. Then comes "Congregational Theory and Practice," "Compendium of Forms" and "A Book of Public Services." No Congregational minister or church can get along in an orderly way without such a manual. (Puritan Press, Oak Park, and Sublette, Illinois.)

"Theory and Practice of Foreign Missions." By **James M. Buckley.** The articles in this volume formed a series of lectures delivered by the Rev. Dr. Buckley at Syracuse University. Dr. Buckley has long been one of the leaders of missionary thought and he considers here in a forceful and illuminative way the following topics: Basis of Foreign Missions; Methods, Means and Men of Christian Missions; Hindrances and Helps to Missions; What of the Present and Future of Foreign Missions? In one of the lectures Dr. Buckley says: "Too high an estimate can easily be put on the contribution of Ethnic religions to the religious thought of the world." As to the difficulties in Japan he says that the one most met with among the intellectual classes is rationalism and materialism. "Their minds are void of all those ideas which cluster around the personality of God. Missionaries declare that the ordinary Japanese will agree to almost everything one says with regard to the gospel of Jesus Christ; he will admit that it is good and that his country ought to have it, but he has no desire to make a personal application of it to his own heart and life." In considering the task of the future Dr. Buckley says: "Before the world is Christianized the great non-Christian religious must be modified almost beyond recognition or entirely disappear. Those who think this epoch near I cannot understand." (Eaton & Mains, New York; 75 cents net.)

"Being a Christian." By Washington Gladden. A new and revised edition of this book by Dr. Gladden, which has done splendid service for thirty-five years was published a few months ago. Nothing else that we have ever seen equals it for the purpose for which it was prepared. If pastors will take this little book of 122 pages and keep it in circulation in their parishes they will find that it will lead men and women up to a readiness for church membership as very few other means will. It is just the book to put into the hands of people after a few spiritual seed thoughts have been dropped during a brief pastoral call in the home or place of business. The topics are: What Is It to Be a Christian? Why Should I Be a Christian? How Shall I Become a Christian? How Shall I Know Whether I Am a Christian or Not? When Should I Join the Church? But and If. We quote from one of the articles: "When I was a farmer's boy I remember,

once on a stormy night, trying to get the sheep of which I had the care into a safe shelter. Most of them seemed ready enough to go in, but there was one who would not. I tried to call him in, but he would turn suddenly from the narrow entrance and leap past me, and then stand at a little distance and bleat as if he were a deeply injured animal. At last by masterly strategy I succeeded in getting him in and fastening the door behind him. Once in, he seemed to enjoy the fold as much as any other member of the flock. But I presume that, if you could have got him to relate his experience, he would have told you that it was a terrible thing to go into a sheepfold, that it was accomplished only after many struggles and doubts and fears. There are a great many sheep in Christ's fold who have had much the same sort of a time in getting in, and some of them think that their way is the only right way of entering. I do not think so. It is not becoming, when Christ's call is heard, for any of us to devote our time to to fruitless lamentations over our past misdeed, or to any scenic exhibitions of our own perverseness. The only thing for us to do is to arise and follow. We shall most clearly show our sorrow for past neglect by prompt obedience and faithful living in the present." (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 75 cents net.)

"William Scott Ament." By Henry D. Porter, M. D., D. D., In this study of work and service in a great cause Dr. Porter, of the American Board of Missions to China, has done the cause of missions great good. It is worth a great deal to have such a life as that of Dr. Ament set forth as it has been in the volume of 375 pages. Dr. Ament spent 36 years in China and his life has entered largely into the transformations that have been wrought there. Dr. Porter says in the preface: "The entrance court of many a mandarin's home is emblazoned with narrow wooden placards in red, recording the successive steps by which he has ascended from low initial office to some high grade of influence and authority. This is a threshold sign. All life when rightly viewed is a life of progression. The Chinese proverb sums up the thought when it says:

'He starts from the plain who ascends the heights.
He proceeds from near who journeys afar.'

The missionary life is such a life of progress. The simple common life of a man takes on strength and beauty as its aim is to carry other lives into the high atmosphere of true living and thinking, into the large atmosphere of rightly directed faith and love." Mission work has had large part in bringing China to her present position in modern progress, and the details of that service as we find them in this volume in the letters to friends and to missionary secretaries make up real history. The narrative leads impressively through the thrilling days of the great Boxer uprising in China, through the reconstruction period and experiences, the heralds of the new China and the new hopes for social and moral uplift. The closing chapter and appendix are given to mention of memorial services and tributes. In one of these the Rev. Dr. A. N. Hitchcock says: "One of the latest services rendered by Dr. Ament to the growing cause of missions in China was his able paper on 'Christian Comity' at the great conference in Shanghai in 1907. I had seen him on various other occasions, but never before had he seemed so much the Christian statesman as when he outlined and enforced with eloquent and powerful argument a great plan of essential union for all the Christian forces of the empire." (Fleming H. Revell Co., 158 Fifth Ave., New York; $1.50 net.)

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, First.—The Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Day left on their vacation July 31st, expecting to be absent until September the 15th.

Bakersfield.—The church at Bakersfield had the pleasure of having in its pulpit on a recent Sunday Superintendent Larkin of the Southern California Canference.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—The Rev. E. R. Fuller of Bakersfield, conducted the communion service last Sunday and in the absence of the pastor welcomed into fellowship one person by letter.

Riverside, First.—Rev. Horace Porter, wife and son, left last week for Santa Cruz to spend a couple of weeks among the big trees. They will visit San Francisco before they return. No service for two Sundays, but Sunday-school as usual. Much interest is being taken among the members over our new church to be. The $75,000 has been secured and the committee of twenty have ordered Architect Hunt of Los Angeles to go ahead and perfect plans, so operations can be started as soon as possible. Architect Hunt conferred with the committee Friday last, showing plans, etc., but wished to make some more changes before they were final.

Ceres.—The members and congregation of the Congregational church of Ceres, gave a farewell reception to their pastor, Rev. D. Goodsell and his family Thursday evening, July 27th, at the church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The program consisted of music, recitations, and short addresses. Among the latter was an appropriate farewell by Mrs. Julia Persing and a presentation of ten dollars as an expression of love from the people. Response was made by the pastor and wife. Mr. Goodsell has served as pastor for four years and two months, and our people have been fortunate indeed to have kept so long such a thoroughly good man and his family, who have endeared themselves to the people, who will miss them greatly. As they may enter upon another field of labor, our prayers will go with them that their work may be as successful as it has been with us. A church building has been erected, and a good parsonage, with a small debt to Parsonage Loan Fund, and a membership of one hundred. We know that wherever they go the people will learn to love them and appreciate their work as we have.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. T. V. Lewis of Rio Vista, returned last week from a vacation trip in Yosemite.

Superintendent Rathbone, of the Northern California Conference, has been ill at his home in Berkeley the past week.

The Congregational Oriental Mission House at Fresno was burned last week. But The Pacific has not yet received any particulars as to the disaster.

The Rev. W. A. Pulcifer, who went from Crockett

last year to work at Oak Park, Illinois, has returned to California, and will take charge of the church at Pescadero.

Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, reached his home in Berkeley last week after an absence of more than a year, most of which was spent abroad. Mrs. Buckham and daughter, Margaret, accompanied him on the trip abroad.

The address at the meeting next Monday of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of New Britain, Connecticut, who is supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland for three Sundays. Topic: "Glimpses of a Home Missionary City."

WASHINGTON NEWS.

C. F. Clarke, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle, Correspondent.

Seattle, Plymouth:—Such rapid progress has been made on Plymouth's new building that the corner stone was laid July 30th. The old corner stone had been chiselled from the former building and used for the new structure. Nearly forty who were present at the laying of the stone twenty years ago were in attendance to rejoice in the building of the larger temple. The old spirit that made Plymouth one of the greatest forces in the city's welfare has been handed down to the rising generation and Plymouth will meet the increased burdens of a larger city in the same masterful way under the leadership of Dr. Van Horn. The congregation which was too large for the temporary floor of the church stretched out over the sidewalk and occupied the windows and other vantage points of the surrounding property. All joined in singing "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," after which Rev. Jas. Elvin, assistant pastor, offered the invocation. Mr. Frank I. Curtis, chairman of the Board of Trustees, gave the historical statement of the organization of the church in 1869 with six members, and its growth to over twelve hundred, an honorable place with the largest churches of our denomination. Rev. M. A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, brought the greetings of the neighboring churches. Greetings were given by Rev. E. A. King of North Yakima, Rev. E. L. Smith and Rev. John H. Matthews. Mr. I. N. Just read the list of articles to be placed in the stone, including list of members, church and daily papers of 1891, a hymn book, Bible, calendar of the week and other papers. The stone was then laid by Mr. L. J. Coleman, chairman of the Building Committee, and Rev. Dr. Van Horn. Prayer was offered by Dr. Samuel Greene, the hymn "Oh, Where are Kings and Empires Now?" was sung and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Temple, a former pastor. Dr. Silcox of Kansas City, and Rev. E. A. King were among the recent preachers at Plymouth. Dr. Van Horn is spending his vacation mostly at his summer home on Port Orchard.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

A first-class mimeograph, costing $35. Slightly used. will sell at reasonable price; or trade for a small folding organ. The organ is needed for Sunday-school missionary work. A friend offers the mimeograph for sale, or trade, to meet this need. Address Huber Burr, Missionary, 948 Market Street, San Francisco.

HOW THE YOUNG MAN LOSES THE IDEA OF GOD.

F. D. Bovard, Editor California Christian Advocate.

Many young men lose the idea of a personal God by practicing moods and attitudes of mind contrary to the sense of God in the soul. They "grieve the spirit" of God by systematic neglect of God. We are speaking of the initial departure from vital fellowship with God. God took the risk of making us free and in doing so made it possible for any of us to shut him out of our hearts. There is no fixed, no single adequate definition of God. The idea of God is real and commanding, but all we know of God beyond the deep but uninterpretable instinct is in the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. We do not discount those deeper sub-conscious forms of universal inspiration by which God originally made himself known to mankind. This universal sense of God, breaking in upon all sensitive minds, is gradually discounted by sheer neglect of all religious moods, all devotional attitudes, all spiritual education. God leaves us because love demands a welcome, demands gratitude. Young people often get the wrong idea of the church. The church seems sometimes to be a method of religious activity. It exists as a social institution, to do missionary work, educational work and promote benevolent societies. It must be kept up to differentiate Christian society from pagan society. All that seems to be true enough, but the church really exists to keep the sense of the presence of God energetically, vitally and authoritatively active in the lives of men. The neglect of the sanctuary, the solemnity, the seriousness, the worshipful mood, the elevation of sentiment, the common feeling of gratitude, connected with the sanctuary, forfeits the sense of God's presence. We lose God out of our lives when we ignore the services of the church.

We often lose God out of our lives by regarding the world as something apart from God. We say we love nature, its sunshine, its flowers, its mountains, its oceans and its skies and lapse into genuine paganism by worshiping nature instead of worshiping God. We believe in the reality, the genuine objectivity of the natural world. We are a part of the universe, not independent of it. There is every reason to enjoy the natural world, but no reason to make it a substitute for a personal God. The simple, wholesome, common sense view of the natural world does not seem to be so learned, so wise as the transcendental, the etherealized, the "vast unknowable" view. As a matter of fact the real difference between the plain common sense view of the natural world and the most highly attentuated transcendental view of the world in mathematical terms is largely a matter of fooling and exploiting ourselves. The ultimate facts lie so much beyond the highest and farthermost flight of our fancies that the difference in the concepts is less than any assignable quantity. The trouble is not in the transcendental concept of the natural world, but in the fact that this concept has dissipated the personal idea of God. The young man often seeks to make the universe infinite and by a leap of his imagination eliminates God by leaving no place for him in the realm of thought and thus relegating him to the "unknowable." This piece of high deception begets an artificial and unreal state of mind. The common basis of the natural world being invalidated all rational processes become uncertain. The mind is unable to distinguish between the steady step of

the logical progress and the wild flux of sheer unregulated change.

It is not easy to correct a mind once intoxicated by transcendental theories. Happy is that student, that young man who in such a moment has on hand a large stock of common sense. The common, the ordinary conception of nature is the only cure for an attack of transcendentalism. Sir Oliver Lodge in a recent article in Hibbert, says "Progress lies in simple investigation as well as in speculative thought up to the limit of human power; and when things are really understood they are perceived to be fairly simple after all." The truly great naturalists, Newton, Franklin, Asa Gray, Sir Oliver Lodge, down to Edison and Burbank, have been men of large common sense. They credit things as things are and as things appear ordinarily to be. The student who simply flits from one high place to another has never been permanently helpful to human kind.

Not only does this tendency to transcendentalism beget an artificial state of mind, contemptuous of things, common things, as they really are, but frequently superinduces a false pride of opinion. Once common things, common sense, common methods, have been abandoned and a transcendental view of natural phenomena has been adopted the mind is almost inaccessible.

The only cure for loss of the personal idea of God is to go regularly, reverently, open mindedly, worshipfully to the sanctuary and get in sympathy and love with the place and conditions of a worshipful life. If one has permitted his soul to be evaporated by a speculative transcendentalism he must come to his senses, his common senses and take a new view of the real things about him. There is no foolishness so utterly foolish as that which discredits the common plain facts of daily observation. A religious fanatic is not an easy person to convince, but a philosophical fanatic is about as difficult. He is so ethereal, so attentuated, so intangible and so vanishing that it is extremely difficult to find for him an adequate remedy. Beware of religious indifference! Beware of transcendentalism philosophy; Cultivate the largest capacity for seeing things as they are.

THE HABIT OF READING.

Sooner or later we all of us need some kind of consolation and diversion; for the world is not invented to suit any one man's fancy, and the continuous clash of wills is bound to bring about a certain amount of sorrow to everyone. Of all consolations, the cheapest, the easiest, the most effective is a passion for the printed page. To be able to step out of our immediate environment at will, to roam the centuries, to scour the earth, to beckon the spheres, to have all the best minds ready to serve our need—this is the gift for the reader.

Reading, like everything else, is a matter of habit. The little child, as a rule, finds it painful and certainly less alluring than action. But habit perfects one in this matter, and the life with books may become as vital, as real, as consoling, as a life with society. Moreover, as soon as one has learned to love them, books never fail us; they are always accessible, always willing to yield up their secrets, always sympathetic.

In life one cannot always cultivate associations we would like. The people you want to know may live at the other ends of the earth, or their moods may be variable, or their interests other than yours; but in a world of books we can literally choose just what we want for our own immediate consolation.

On the whole, there is nothing in the world perhaps that so repays a woman as acquiring the habit of reading. —Harper's Weekly.

The Home.

IF WE COULD TELL.

If we could tell this dog of ours, this dog who loved you so,
That you have journeyed from us by the road which keeps no tread,
No bending of the asphodels, no print upon the snow,
Perchance your voice might reach us from the dead.

If knowledge cast in human speech could answer his surprise,
His trouble at your silent door by bark and bound unstirred,
The question yearning up to us from brown, beseeching eyes,
We, too, might comprehend celestial word.

But untranslatable to him remains our little lore,
And incommunicable unto us of earth-bound brain
The crystal tides of wisdom your compassion longs to pour
Upon our pleading and bewildered pain.

—Katherine Lee Bates, in the New York "Independent."

THINGS THAT COUNT.

One of the striking characteristics of successful persons is their faculty of readily determining the relative importance of different things. There are many things which it is desirable to do, a few are essential, and there is no more useful quality of the human mind than that which enables its possessor at once to distinguish which the few essential things are. Life is so short and time so fleeting that much which one would wish to do must fain be omitted. He is fortunate who perceives at a glance what it will do, and what it will not do, to omit. This invaluable faculty, if not possessed in a remarkable degree naturally, is susceptible of cultivation to a considerable extent. Let anyone adopt the practice of reflecting, every morning, what must necessarily be done during the day, and then begin by doing the most important things first, leaving the others to take their chance of being done or left undone. In this way attention first to the things of first importance, soon acquires the almost irresistible force of habit, and becomes a rule of life. There is no rule more indispensable to success.—Great Thoughts.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Did you ever stop to think how much you travel on the road to yesterday? Whether the road is dusty, rough with hidden rocks, bordered with brambles, or whether it is bright and smooth and sweet with the fragrance of glad memories—you travel it, lingering over the pain of the bramble scratches and breathing deep of the perfume of remembrance.

And yet it is a pretty poor sort of a traveler who covers

the same ground again and again. The man who gets the most from his journeys is the one always seeking the unknown, the unseen; whose passport into any country is the hope of finding there something lovelier, something more wonderful than marks the progress of his past. No improvements are possible on the road to yesterday. Its mistakes and its barriers must stand always.

But the road to tomorrow! Ah, that is quite another road! Out into the rosé haze of the future it goes into the land of dreams and possibilities. It is a constantly changing course, with sharp curves and long sweeping stretches of clean, untrammeled going where the going is sure to be good. Why spend valuable time retracing the old course leading backward, when the road to tomorrow, alluring, bright with prospect, fascinatingly uncertain, is a pliable course which, under loving and ambitious hands, is sure to lead to the land of heart's desire?—Ex.

MOTHER'S BOY.

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour
When the shadows creep from the west,
I think of the twilight songs you sang,
And the boy you lulled to rest—
The wee little boy with the tousled head
That so long ago was thine.
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,
O little mother of mine.

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the lad
Whom you lulled with your slumber-song;
The years have altered the form and the life,
But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only thy boy as of old,
O little mother of mine.

—Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

THE JOYOUS HABIT.

When the happy results attendant upon the practice of optimism are a matter of daily and indisputable observation, the only wonder is that more women have not taken it up as one of the accomplishments to be striven for above all others. The optimistic girl is the favorite of her family, the best liked in school, the most popular of her set, just as the optimistic woman is continually sought as a guest, a companion, and a helper.

Despite this evident fact of cheerfulness being one of the best investments on the market, there remains a good number of those who dash ice water on the enthusiasm of their friends and base all their thoughts, deeds, and words on the fallacy that the world is growing worse and that unless we keep a sharp lookout we are apt to be caught in the landslide. They predict that it will surely rain tomorrow because they have been invited for a ride in the park, that it is sure to be an unendurably hot summer with lots of sickness.

But the cheerful woman, what of her? She is busy dispelling the clouds of gloom her pessimistic sister has gathered, and wherever she goes she is greeted by the cry of thrice welcome. She is sure the dinner tomorrow evening is going to be a huge success; that the sun will shine brightly for the ride in the park; that the summer is going to be the most glorious one she has ever known because so many good things are bound to happen. And the queer part of it is that the predictions of both are pretty sure to come true. Whether nature takes a certain delight in making the complainer uncomfortable and rewarding the optimist, or whether conditions are merely a matter of inward thought rather than outward being must be left to individual judgment.

One woman who has made herself thoroughly disliked by her continued sounding of the signal of distress, accidentally overheard a conversation between two friends, in which her propensity for spreading gloom was rather harshly discussed. At first she was indignant. Then she saw the truth of their censure and determined to overcome it at once. She read only cheerful literature, concentrated on good and pleasant thoughts, and when she caught herself falling into the old habit of talking in the unhappy strain she wheeled about and changed to a bright subject. She was amazed at the change in herself. In a few weeks she looked years younger. Her complexion had lost much of its sallowness two sullen lines between her eyes had disappeared, and she was fairly buoyant instead of dull and waterlogged with sadness. Her friends were at home oftener when she called and the number of the invitations increased. Some day she is going to explain the cause of the change to the two friends who held the mirror of truth up to her face and thank them for the service.

Optimism doesn't cost a whit more than pessimism, but cheerfulness is worth so much more than gloom that the tactful woman should be quick to gather in all the available supply and have it on hand to radiate to her friends and family on an instant's notice.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE VACATIONLESS SUMMER.

It is high time a good word was said for the vacationless summer. A great deal has been written and spoken about the value of vacations, their joys, their recreative power—in fact, their absolute indispensableness for young and old, rich and poor, men, women and children. Now, we subscribe to all this; we have nothing against vacations, either in theory or practice; indeed, we have practiced them faithfully for many years. All we say is, that it's time somebody said a good word for the summer without a vacation. There come such summers to most individuals and families—and they are not nearly so black as they are painted. They are full of pleasant possibilities—possibilities which we have quite ignored while we were basking on ocean beaches, or climbing mountains, or skimming over blue waters, or lighting camp fires. Of course, the pleasures of a summer at home are different from those, very different; but they are none the less real. In the first place, there is the pleasure and freedom of being at home—the joy of sitting on your own front porch quiet and unmolested, instead of watching a dazzling procession of hotel "guests" tramp back and forth before you; there is the pleasure of just doing nothing when you want to, instead of taking a hand at some game in a stuffy parlor "to oblige Mrs. Shetland" because "the gentlemen are so scarce, you know"; and if you are a woman there is the comfort of slipping on your old, thinnest muslin for dinner, instead of your best respectability of clean dresses three

times a day. When it's hot there is the pleasure of the porcelain tub and of roaming through a whole house hunting the breeze; and perhaps the luury of choosing one's bed room at night. If it's cold and it rains for three days, there is the wood fire and quiet therewith. Yes, my vacationer, you who are dripping in camp, or shut up in a boarding-house parlor or a mountain hotel, reduced to worsted work or bowling, while the children romp and quarrel, think of the joy of a wood fire in the living room at home, of the peaceful luncheon, of the contented children off in the nursery, and the chance of a read or snooze in a room where all the shoes are not molding and sheets are not clammy with dampness. There's the pleasure of sleeping at night, too, when you want to, without listening to the piano and the dancing below, or to the fussy lady packing her trunks above your head, or to the other fellow's baby crying next door; without the arousing presence in the heart of nature of the black fly and wood-ticks, or the still, small, unanswerable voice of the blood-thirsty mosquito. Ah, yes, there are compensations in the summer at home.

Not to be passed over is the luxury of clean clothes; think of it! you poor creature whose "washing" is gone for a three weeks' stay. Think of the joy of putting on clean duck trousers, or a fresh shirtwaist when you need them! Oh, we all remember what we have suffered from the hotel laundry that empties the pocketbook and makes the clothes as blue as their owner, and from the country washerwoman, who cal'ates to wash 'em clean," even if she washes away all the buttons and large sections of the garments as well; or from the "agent," in more remote regions, into whose railway basket we reluctantly cast our collars and shirts, knowing that, like bread upon the water, they will return to us only after many days, or perhaps not at all. At home we do not need to "do up" all the handkerchiefs and "iron" them on the window panes and mirrors.

Among all the pleasures of the home summer, however, the greatest perhaps is the pleasure of eating. Might as well say it right out—the pleasure of eating a square dinner every night in the week. We agree perfectly with President Eliot when he includes among the pleasures of a happy life that of eating. He frankly admits that he is partly animal, and says that while he remains so he expects to enjoy good food. He seems to think it has a beneficial effect upon mankind in general and himself in particular. With ill-concealed glee he tells the story of the pious old lady who was visited on her death-bed by her minister. "My good woman," asked the clergyman solemnly, "as you look back over your life, in what have you found your greatest pleasure?" and without a moment's hesitation she replied: "My victuals." Honest old soul! She was never deluded into spending many summer vacations away from home! We all remember the resorts where the fresh eggs and garden "sass" are sent to the city, where the cream is saved for cheeses, and where we strive in vain to make the huge doughnuts take the place of chicken and roast beef.

Poor wretch, looking hungry for a raspberry or a juicy peach, and trying to get fat on the "view," what wouldn't you give for a chance to sit down at the home breakfast table, with the well-iced melons and the fragrant coffee? And how about the roast chickens for dinner and the peaches and cream—real cream! Mr. Dooley knew what he was talking about when he said: "The place to be ain't where all the good things comes from, but where all the good things goes to." Not that we have anything to say against summer vacations, remember. We have all taken them, and we'll take them again—whenever we get a chance, of course. That's all right. But there's a thing or two in favor of the summer at home. If you can't go away, don't think you're suffering awful privations. Remember how we've dragged out a weary existence during a week's rain "incamp," how we've gasped on the humid shores of inland lakes, fought all manner of "critters" in mountain forests, and starved in well-advertised resorts on the coast. Reflect upon these things and admit that staying at home has its compensations, and that, after all, there are worse things in life than the vacationless summer.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

HELPFUL NOTES ON DIET.

I have obtained a great deal of assistance from the following motto: "For health and efficiency."

If I sit down at a lunch counter and see things that appeal strongly to my appetite and tempt me to partake when I know I should not, I apply the motto, "For health and efficiency."

Many a piece of mince pie and many an apple dumpling and many savory roasts of beef have been resisted by virtue of this motto.

If I am at the point of going into a hotel or restaurant to get a meal when I am not really hungry I recall the motto, "For health and efficiency." That motto enables me to resist.

If I am tempted to bolt a lunch at a railroad station I apply the motto, "For health and efficiency."

This motto will greatly assist any one in living up to the best he knows in the physical culture life.

It is generally conceded that the American people eat too much. It has been pointed out by good authorities that most of our troubles are caused, directly or indirectly, by over-eating. Therefore it is quite important to learn how to control the appetite.

I am glad to say at the outset that the appetite can be trained in a comparatively short time. Hence a person does not have to face the prospect, as some people suppose, of always going hungry.

There are several ways of getting control of a strong or ravenous appetite.

A good method is to take very small mouthfuls of food. When following this method not more than one-fourth teaspoonful should be taken at a time, and this small amount should be chewed until it melts away in the mouth, without any effort to swallow it. This small amount should be chewed until the taste is all chewed out of it and until it involuntarily disappears or swallows itself, so to speak. It is difficult to eat too much when following this method. The appetite becomes entirely satisfied even with a very abstemious meal. I find that fletcherism is much more effective when only a small quantity of food is taken at a time.

Another good method is to dish out an abstemious allowance (so much and no more) and then about ten minutes after the meal take the juice of an orange or a glass or half-glass of buttermilk or a little lemon juice. The feeling of hunger will disappear. If an orange is used it is more effective if not very sweet. The pulp of the orange should be rejected.

If the feeling of hunger becomes too strong between meals it may be allayed by taking a little orange juice or a little buttermilk. A small amount of coffee or coco cola

is also effective, but stimulants should not be used, at least not for any length of time. A drink of cold water often settles the appetite.

Another method is to skip one or two meals a day. If the juice of an orange or a little buttermilk or hot water or postum or coffee or soda-water or lemon juice is taken at meal time the appetite is satisfied fairly well. In the course of a few days the appetite will become trained and it will not be necessary to take anything at meal time. I find that I have less feeling of hunger when eating only one meal a day than when eating three meals a day.

The gnawing in the stomach is generally caused by a disased or inflamed condition and not by any need of food. This inflamed or catarrhal condition of the lining of the stomach is aggravated instead of being benefited by being overworked. The eating of food may give temporary relief by taking up the acid fluids which come in contact with the raw surface of the stomach, but the real condition will be made worse.

The mind should be kept fully occupied. If a person has nothing to take up the attention it is easy to think about getting hungry.

The above methods are suggested for the benefit of that large class of people who do not have the will-power or the disposition to suffer the pangs of hunger. The seasoned physical culturist can readily skip one or more meals, without any substitute or quit eating when he has taken only an abstemious allowance.

Fasting for one or more days is an excellent method of gaining control over the appetite, and this method strengthens the will-power as well. There may, however, be a temptation to eat too much before and also after the fast. Hence restricting the allowance is perhaps better than fasting as a means of gaining control of the appetite.

These methods will enable any one, without much trouble, to get control of the appetite and thus break up the very injurious habit of over-eating.

A little persistence may be necessary. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—E. J. Arnott in Physical Culture for August.

Our Young People

LITTLE HANDLES.

Lennie had been to kindergarten. It was his first day there, and when he came home mamma was anxious to know what he had learned.

"What did you learn today, my dear?" she asked.

"'Bout little handles." Lennie said quickly.

"Little handles?" mamma said, in surprise.

"Yes, maam; our teacher told us we must never forget our little handles."

But mamma did not understand. She had been careful to give Lennie his pencils, his sponge, his book, and his lunch, when he started to school, but she had no idea that he needed anything like little handles.

"You didn't have any," she said.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" cried the boy. "I used them every time."

Then Lennie couldnt help feeling just a little bit proud to think that he knew somethng that mama did not.

"You see mamma," he went on, "it isn't something to carry; it's something to say, like 'please,' and 'thank you,' and 'ma'am,' and 'good morning,' and 'good afternoon,' and things like that. Our teacher calls them 'little handles,' and says we must always use them. I knew about them before, of course, but now I'll be more likely to remember them."

And although Lennie does forget the little handles sometimes, he is nearly always a polite boy, and people like to have him in their company.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose your mind a garden were,
All ready for the spring,
And everything you planted there
Would soon be blossoming.

Suppose that evil thoughts were weeds
That rankly grew apace,
And every dream of selfish deeds
Should blossom in disgrace.

While every impulse to be kind,
To ease some other's woes,
Should bud and blossom in your mind
A fair and fragrant rose.

Suppose that every idle whim
And every thought of scorn
Should find its fruitage in a grim
And poison-laden thorn;

While every purpose to uplift
Your soul from sordid ways
Should burst into a snow-white drift
Of tender lily sprays.

'Tis surely with no danger fraught
Supposing things like this—
And maybe here's a seed of thought
To flower forth in bliss.

—By J. K. Bangs.

THE SNARL FAMILY.

"Oh-h-h!" wailed little Allie Merkle. "I won't stand such horrid pulling; not another minute;" and she struggled to get down from her sister's lap, her tear-wet face full of defiance.

"Sit still," commended Bernice, impatiently. "Your hair must be combed, and I have no time to fuss with you, or we will be late to school."

"I don't care. I won't have my head pulled all to pieces; it just hurts awful!" And the wail grew louder.

Aaunt Mary, who had arrived the previous day on a visit, went over to the little girl and looked down at her tangled curls with assumed surprise.

"Why, bless me, if I don't see the funniest thing!" she exclaimed.

Allie ceased struggling and turned wondering eyes on her aunt. "Give me the comb, Bernice," smiled Aunt Mary, "and go and get yourself ready for school."

Bernice was only too glad to relinquish her unpleasant task, while Allie's wonder at her aunt's words made her forget the torturing tangles.

"What funny thing did you see, auntie?" she questioned.

"Why," and Aunt Mary, running the comb through the rebellious curls, came upon a tangle just back of one of Allie's pretty, pink ears, "this is naghty Will Snarl; and he is hiding here behind this door," pinching the little ear playfully, "tearing up one of his sister Goldie's picture books. Bad boy!"

Allie's blue eyes opened wider, but Aunt Mary only smiled as she continued talking, at the same time combing out the tangle. "I don't see Goldie, but I think that she is very lkely upstairs, playing with her doll. We will go up and see," and, having disposed of the tangle behind the ear, the comb went to the top of Allie's head in search of more, finding a bad one right on the crown.

"Yes, sure enough, here is Goldie. And such a muss as she has got everything into! Guess we had better help straighten things up a little. Here are doll clothes and all sorts of trinkets, enough for half a dozen. What a lovely dress this pink one is, trimmed so prettily with white lace; any doll would be proud to wear it!"

Aunt Mary was deftly reducing the obstinate tangle as she talked, and Allie was so much interested that she hardly noticed the hurt. When the comb slipped through it, another tangle was encountered.

"Well! If here isn't Cousin Flossie Snarl, coming upstairs with Fluff, her pet kitten. Such a cunning white one! They like to dress it up in the doll's clothes. What fun they will have with it!"

Down at the end of a curl a tight little knot obstructed the passage of the comb, and Allie's face gave sudden threats of tears, but just then Aunt Mary exclaimed, "If here isn't Tousle! He has been out in the orchard and caught a poor little robin, and is bringing it into the house. You cruel doggie! What made you kill that pretty bird? Go right outdoors with it, sir!" and the knot disappeared.

"O, how do you do, grandma?" as another tangle was met. "How are you feeling today? Is your rheumatism getting better? That's good. You must take good care of your self, for we all love you, you know. Where is grandpa, and what is he doing today? O—down cellar, sorting over kindling? We will go down and have a chat with him."

A snarl low down on Allie's white neck received attentin while grandpa was greeted and chatted with, then away the comb flew to the top of Allie's head, and down the side yet uncombed.

"Goody! Here is Uncle Kent Snarl. He is always so jolly, with his jokes and songs. He is singing now:

"'Don't cry, little girl, don't cry,
Snarls all will be gone by and by!"

"I don't want them to go," Allie interrupted eagerly. "They're fun, auntie."

Aunite smiled wisely. "You interrupted Uncle Kent's song, Allie. But he will sing another. Listen:

"'O, it's fun to see 'em come,
And it's fun to make 'em run,
Grandpa, baby, and all.'"

"O! Is there a dear little baby?" and Allie clapped her hands in delight.

Aunt Mary nodded, and took up another of Uncle Kent's ditties.

"'With a pull, pull, down,
Some tears and a frown—
Who cares if they hurt?
W-h-o-o-p!'"

"That is a funny song," laughed Allie. "Have him sing some more, auntie."

"He has gone outdoors now" was the reply, as the comb straightened out that snarl.

Allie began to show signs of unhappiness again, so her aunt added, "We will hunt up the baby."

"O, yes; please. Baby will be best of all," and sunshine chased away the shadow.

But the entire head had to be gone over before a tiny snarl was discovered, which Aunt Mary pronounced to be the baby.

"He is the dearest little fellow," she declared, "with big blue eyes—very much like yours, Allie—and wee, golden ringlets all over his head. And he has on a pretty blue dress and little blue stockings and slippers. He is just beginning to talk, and he says, 'By-by' to you."

"O auntie, don't have him go away!" pleaded Allie.

"He will come back again soon—maybe tomorrow morning,' was the cheering answer. "It is time for you to be starting for school, now, you see," and Aunt Mary pointed the magic comb toward the clock.

Allie sighed. "I s'pose so; but you must be sure and have the baby come back in the morning, auntie—yes, and tinent.

all of them. I like the Snarl family splendid!"—May Howard, in The Continent.

THE LOVING GAME.

It was a pretty game that Aunt Rose and little Harry used to play together.

When Harry would put up his tiny forefinger and say, "I can beat you lovin'!" Aunt Rose would say, "Oh, no, you can't!"

Then she would put on her thinking-cap and begin, "I love you more than a bushel of pennies!"

Quick as a flash, Harry would say, "I love you more than two bags of big dollars!"

Then Aunt Rose would say, "I love you longer than seven Sundays!"

A shake of that tiny forefinger, and Harry would onswer, "But I love you longer than ten Christmases!"

"I love you clear around the block!" Aunt Rose would say.

"And I love you all over the park!" Harry would assert.

"I love you as high as this house!" Aunt Rose would declare.

"And I love you to the top of the church steeple!" Harry would say.

"I love you as deep as the well!"

"Pooh! I love you to the bottom of the lake!"

And so they would go on.

But one day Harry had a bright thought. After he had loved to the bottom of the ocean, and down into the middle of the earth, and to the top of the mountains, and way up into the sky, he began to caper about and clap his hands.

"I've got you! I've got you!" he shouted.

Then, with shining eyes, he said, "I love you more than my mamma loves me!"

Thereupon Aunt Rose gave it up, there was nothing beyond that.—Little Folks.

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